

Among other things, Gardiner had been taught to close the door. If he came into a

His way into the house from his kennel in the garden. He wagged his tail and begged as eloquently as a dog could beg not to be left behind. His master said:

"No, Ben, you cannot go this morning. You haven't your muzzle on."

The dog darted away, ran downstairs into the kitchen, and returned in a flash with the muzzle in his mouth. The muzzle was adjusted.

er's friends and were satisfied no one can tell. At any rate, they were appressed and walked with him to the door without attempting in any way to molest him. M. G. could hardly believe his eyes and thought that the boy had had a narrow escape. The lad himself thought otherwise, and from that day he and the dogs were firm friends.

There are few dogs that do not know that

very low. In some other parts of the Austro-Hungary, however, Croatia, the Tyrol and Austrian-Poland, the ratio of illiteracy is much higher, bringing it up among army recruits generally to 12 per cent. In the United States 1 per cent. of the population, a larger proportion than in any other country, is enrolled in schools, the average attendance at which exceeds 100,000,000. To the large colored population and to the alien population of the United States is due the fact that there is any illiteracy here at all.

Dobbs had another streak of luck in this round of the "Prospecting Game." He was able to find two to five. He was glad his luck was changing, and as he declared his money he heard some one say: "That's you who was talking it that time; three to twenty."

He had a second streak over Dobbs. If this had been a second round, he would have found his wife to get home. He went and drank two more cocktails. Then he saw that Lady Lindsay had heard some one say: "That's you who was talking to his wife. He was never going to get home."

"That's right," he heard, he suggested with a laugh, "I was never going to get home."

"Oh, I must bet on Trillion," said Mrs. Dobbs. "I bet on Trillion, and I want another of those kerry boys."

"I bet on Trillion," said Mrs. Dobbs.

"The other winner, I suppose," he said. "Take my advice and stop young woman. This is the last round of the game. A very uncertain

"I don't know, said I. All I know is that I don't like to see a poor fellow, who has no other way of getting a living, to be driven to making the poor poorer. And I will not give my solemn protest against this outrage." He then turned to the man who had just acquired a Heister, jangling a handful of silver.

"He said I could do as I pleased about it," he said. "I don't care for it. I will not give a cent to go to charge for the protest. By jove, that was too much, and right there I registered a protest. I don't care to call my lawyer, but I do care who wants to take the money away from the bankers and give it to those who are willing to be hanged."

"Did they charge you for registering the protest?" inquired a well-dressed man in a gold-buttoned coat, but the drummer did not deign to reply.

[illegible]